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## My Testimony for Personhood

It is hard to decide just where a testimony of this nature should begin. I will begin by saying that when I was a young girl, age 16, I wanted to get married and have a family. Being a Wife and a Mom is all that I wanted. At 17, I had our first child, at almost 19 I had our second child. Unfortunately, after two years, I decided that I could no longer stay with this man as my children were starving due to his lack of wanting to work to support us. Now to go on to the subject as to why I am here.

I lived in a little rental house of my Mom and Dad's with my two children. Next door to me lived a young woman that lived in her Mom and Step Dad's little rental with her little girl. She was the party type person and I was just what I had wanted to be, a Mom. When she would go out on the weekends I would watch her child for her. One weekend night she came to my house to pick up her child. She brought two young men from the bar band with her. They had, of course, all been drinking liquor. We did visit for a few minutes and she proceeded to go into the bedroom to get her little one. The young man that she was attracted to went into the room with her to get the little girl. While they were in there, the other young man with them raped me. Although I struggled to keep him away from me, I could no over power him and the other two adults did not come to my aid. I did conceive and was very distraught and didn't know what to do. I did call the sheriff's office and they told me that he was on his way to Wyoming on a warrant that Wyoming had on him. For what offense, I do not know. They did want to tell. That was the end of any thought of pressing charges.

I spoke with a friend about this and he brought some kind of pills to me that were supposed to make a woman abort. He said that he would watch my two little one while I went into the bathroom to take them. I flushed them down the toilet. Why? Because I have always felt that life is God's to take not ours. I lived a life of fear and horror during that pregnancy because I did not dare talk with my family about it as they already believed that without a husband and being on AFDC, I should not raise my other two children. I could not stand that thought. I did not want to do nor say anything that would put me I the position that I would have my two babies that I already had, taken from me. The closer time for the arrival of the unborn child got, the more confused and afraid I was. The friend that I confided in, wanted to adopt that child if it was a boy. He was not married and did not get married

until after I had the child. I did let him adopt as I did deliver a boy and I felt that I could not be a fair mom to him. I felt that every time I looked at him I would feel hate. Not fair to the child and not a healthy environment for any of my children. I had received three photos of the boy after his adopted Dad married. At age 17 the boy came to meet us, his biological family. He had moved to another state after that visit. At about age 21 or 22, he came to Montana to visit me. After our visit and a few months later, he called me. That was the last time I heard from him for approximately 20 years. I decided that I could, through prayer, maybe have some kind of relationship with him. I got on the computer and proceeded to try to locate him. I was successful in doing so. We began emailing and talking on the phone occasionally.

Just prior to Mother's day last year, he called me and thanked me for believing the way that I do and for giving him life. He said he was so glad that I did not murder him. On Mother's day, he posted on Facebook that he has two Mothers to wish "Happy Mothers Day" to. His biological Mother and his Mother that raised him. That was one of the greatest gifts that I have ever received. I, unlike 2 friends of mine, do not live with the thought that I had murdered my child. Whether I could raise him or not I did give him life. You see, I feel we are not to be the judge and jury that convicts these innocent little ones, we are merely and instrument by which the Lord uses to make another life possible even if it is not planned nor wanted. My son's Mom and Dad were blessed by him as he is a very talented and ambitious young man who has been a Mayor of a town, been a business owner and plays piano beautifully and sings to entertain folks. He is now 49 years old.

I had felt like I was guilty and responsible for this pregnancy as, I opened my door and let this beast into my home. I felt ashamed for a long time and than, I married the man that I have been married to for 48 years this year. He is a wonderful man that got me to understand that I had nothing to feel guilty and ashamed about.

I would like to leave you with this thought, a quote from something that I picked up.

Not only does a man possess a spirit which enables him to function in the spiritual realm; he also possesses a soul which is the organ of his self-consciousness. The soul is the seat of the human personality. The ingredients which make us human beings belong to the soul. The intellect,

thought, ideals, love, emotion, understanding, decision, choice, and other like qualities are all associated with the soul. The three main functions of the soul are the will (Job 7:15, the mind( Lamintations 3:20,RSV), and the emotion (2 Samuel 5:8; Deut. 6:5). The will is the instrument for making decisions and choices. The second function of the soul is the mind, the instrument for thinking. It is in this part of the soul that man reasons and has knowledge (Proverbs 2:10). The third function of the soul is the emotion. This is the instrument of likes and dislikes. Through the emotions we are able to express love or hatred, joyfulness, anger, sadness, or happiness. A shortage in this area will render us insensitive. By a careful study of the Bible we cannot help but be impressed that these three primary functions of the personality belong to the soul.

When do a soul and spirit enter the body? Upon conception. Yes, these little ones are Persons.

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